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Select Poetry.

From the Home Journal.

Song of The Sewing Machine.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm the Iron Needle-Woman!
Wrought of tarner stuff than clay;
And, unlike the drudges human,
Never weary, night nor day;
Never shedding tears of sorrow,
Never mourning friends untrue,
Never caring for the morrow,
Never begging work to do.

Poverty brings no disast r!
Merrily I glide along.
For no thankless, sordid master,
Ever seeks to do me wrong;
No extortioners oppress me,
No insulting words I dread—
I've no children to distress me
With unceasing cries for bread.

I'm of hardy form and feature,
For endurance framed aright;
I'm not pale misfortune's creature,
Doomed Life's battles here to fight:
Mine's song of cheerful measure,
And no under currents flow
To destroy the throb of pleasure
Which the poor so seldom know.

In the hall I hold my station,
With the wealthy ones of earth,
Who commend me to the nation.
For economy and worth,
While unpaid the female labor,
In the attic chamber lone,
Where the smiles of friends or neighbor
Never for a moment shone.

My creation is a blessing
To the indigent secured,
Banishing the cares distressing
Which so many have endured;
Mine are sinews superhuman,
Ribs of oak and nerves of steel—
I'm the Iron needle-woman,
Born to toil and not to feel.

Select Miscellany.

From the London Family Herald,

MATTIE.

A CHARMING LITTLE STORY.

I was sixteen—bright, joyous and happy. Yet mine was no envied lot, according to fashionable ideas; for no stately mansion or lordly dwelling reared its lofty columns above my young head, no velvet carpet yielded to the tread of my bounding feet. I was the eldest of a family of eight children. I knew that I was not needed at home, and day after day, as I saw the weary look of my father, and witnessed the self-denial of my mother, I longed to earn my own living. An opportunity soon presented itself, and in company with two or three of my schoolmates, away I went, several miles from home, to a cotton-factory. My mother gave me much parting counsel; my father looked grave and anxious; and my brothers and sisters gathered around me and wept; but I resolutely choked back the great, swelling sobs, with which my own heart seemed bursting, and turned, for the first time, away from my home. I was successful; I lived economically; and every month I placed a small sum in the savings' bank. One evening I was reading in my chamber, when Nellie, my room-mate came bounding gleefully in, and, twining her arms about my neck, and putting her face between the book and my eyes, she said, 'Mattie, I've a compliment for you!'

'Hush! you silly girl,' I replied, kissing her upturned face; 'and take your saucy head out of the way. You have interrupted me in the middle of an interesting passage.'

'But, Mattie dear, this is a real good one,' she cried. 'I know you don't care a fig for compliments about your rosy cheeks, black eyes, or beautiful, s ft, brown curls. This is something different. Alfred Fletcher loves you!' and the saucy girl looked into my eyes as though she would read the secret of my heart.

There was no need of so close a scrutiny. The most casual observer might have discovered it, from the crimson blush that almost burnt my cheek, neck and brow, but instantly receeding, left me pale as death.

'Why, Mattie, dear, what ails you?' said Nellie, in alarm, and stroking my cheek.

'Nothing,' I replied, rising, and ostensibly busying myself with arranging the books upon the table, but really taking time to recover my self-possession.

'You haven't told me whether you were glad or sorry,' said Nellie. 'I thought you would be glad; but you look so demurely, I'm afraid I was mistaken.

I was glad, at least, that she had not discovered my secret. So, resuming my seat, I drew her to me, and asked her how she had learned what she had just told me.

'Oh he confessed as much to Andrew,' said Nellie, 'though I knew it well enough before.'

'Ah, yes!' I retorted, 'the secret was exchanged for one as precious concerning my own little Nellie. In that case I fear it will not do to take it for granted, so I shall think no more about it.'

Her attention thus turned into another channel, I felt sure that she would not question me further. When we had laid our heads upon the pillow, there followed a long, girlish conference, in which Nellie confided to me all her love affairs; and before she had come to ask my confidence in return, she fell asleep. I lay awake for long hours, thinking, until thought become a burden; but towards morning I fell into a troubled sleep.

Alfred Fletcher was the son of a farmer, of moderate means, residing near the village which had sprung up around the factory. I had frequently met him at church and elsewhere. He was a year or two my senior. Nellie had often scolded me for shunning him as I did, and I always turned her off with a pleasant jest; for had I attempted to explain or justify myself, I could not have done so. Indeed it was impossible to find a reason for my conduct towards Alfred. I knew none myself why I should. I did it instinctively. Timid and shy as I was to all, I was a thousand times more so toward him. Some times, when leaving church, my heart would leap into my mouth on seeing him coming towards me. 'As soon as I attempted to speak, all my self-possession vanished; and I was painfully conscious of saying and doing things for which I severely reprimanded myself afterwards. Often had I sought my pillow, to weep unseen over some inexcusable awkward act, of which, at such times I had been guilty. I frequently said, 'What must he think of me?' I felt as if arraigned before a bar of justice for some criminal offence—as if a verdict of 'guilty' had been returned. Thus more than a year had passed since our first acquaintance; but never, until Nellie's thoughtless remarks, had I dreamed that I loved him. Even then it was long before I could acknowledge it to my own heart. When, as I lay there awake, I had to confess the fact, I resolved that none, not even Nellie, and much less Alfred Feltcher himself, should ever know my secret.

From that day I felt an increased embarrassment in Alfred's presence; and I fancied I detected in him a little reserve towards myself. What could it mean? Nellie has been mistaken in her assertions, I said to myself; he did not love me, and he must have discovered my secret. I wept long and bitterly from mingled grief and shame, and resolved that he should no longer believe in my weakness. So, encasing myself in an armor of pride, I swept proudly past him when we met; with barely a bow of recognition; and always in his presence assumed a careless and haughty air.

Two years had passed since I left home. As my education had been limited to a common school one, I had made arrangements to return home in the coming autumn, having laid by a sufficient sum to support myself a year at the seminary in my native town.

My friends were duly apprised of my intended departure. The last Sabbath of my stay arrived. As usual, I attended church. As I walked home after service I heard a step behind me—it was one I well knew; and directly Alfred Fletcher joined me. I offered my hand. He grasped it warmly in his own.

'And so you are going to leave us Mattie,' said he. I bowed in the affirmative. 'How long will you remain away,' he asked.

I replied that my stay was indefinite, and for the first time I told him of my plan of attending school, saying that then I hoped to find myself qualified to teach, and that it was hardly probable that I should ever return. He was silent for awhile, and then remarked, 'and are you going, Mattie, without saying good-bye to my mother?'

'Your mother has been very kind to me, Alfred,' I answered. 'I will call upon her to-morrow, for I leave on Tuesday morning.'

'So soon!' said Alfred. 'But do not fail to come. Mother would hardly forgive you for going away without calling.

Here several of my young friends joined me, and saying, 'will see you again,' he bowed and left us.

'Yes, yes; it is to see his mother he wishes me to come,' I mused that evening 'However, I suppose I must go.—Courage! I shall soon be out of the reach of all this nonsense; only one more trial, and then I shall be free."

The next afternoon I called on Mrs. Fletcher. She urged me to pass the afternoon with her; but I was inexorable; so, after a few minutes, I rose to leave. Bidding her an affectionate good-bye, I walked rapidly down the lane, congratulating myself that I had not encountered Alfred. The constant fear of betraying to him my sentiments was now stronger than ever. Could I get away without giving him any clue, I fancied that it would then all be over; and that by giving my mind wholly to my studies, I should soon forget him.

As I turned from the lane into the road, Alfred sprang lightly over the fence. 'Going so early, Mattie,' said he. 'I thought you were going to stay till night.'

'I replied that I had no such design, as I had much to do to complete the preparations for my journey.'

'I am sorry, Mattie,' said he; 'I have only one load more of corn to get in, and then I had promised myself a pleasant afternoon in your society.'

He took off his hat and brushed the clustering curls from his fine forehead. He seemed at a loss what to do.

'Mattie,' said he, finally, 'can't you possibly give us another hour in your society?'

'Us!' Had he said 'me,' I would have returned with him; but my pride rose in an instant. 'I cannot,' I replied. 'The train passes early in the morning, and I must hasten home, and get my trunks ready.' He walked by my side a little way in silence; and then halted as though he was going to return. My haughty manner seemed to puzzle him. I halted too, and gave him my hand, as I said, 'Good-bye, Alfred.'

'Mattie,' said he, retaining my hand, 'will you not sometimes think of me?—May I not hope to hear from you?'

'Oh, yes, I replied, with assumed indifference, 'I am not going to renounce my friends. I shall write often to Nellie, and no doubt you will hear from me as much as you wish.' He looked earnestly into my face. I removed my hand and drew myself proudly up. Oh! why could I not have unbent and been myself? I would have given worlds afterwards if I had done it; for in that eager gaze I read his heart. But pride and timidity interposed. Hardly knowing, in my confusion, what I did, I turned and walked away.

'Good-bye; God bless you!" I heard, in a trembling voice; but I did not look back. I reached my room, threw myself upon my bed, and wept long and bitterly. "There, that is the last tear I shall shed for him," I said at last. I arose, bathed my eyes, and set about completing the arrangements for my journey. The next Morning at day-break I was on my way home.

Instead of one year at the seminary, I remained two, by dint of the most rigid economy. I had astonished my teachers with the rapid progress I had made; and, as an expression of her interest in me, the principal helped me to a situation as assistant in an academy in a distant town. I was highly elated with my success. I wrote often to Nellie, who was now the wife of Andrew Williams, an overseer in the factory, and received frequent letters in return.—She always had something to say of Alfred, though I never mentioned him in my letters to her. She told me how handsome he was growing; that his father's few acres had become too small a space for him; that he was going to a manufactoring town to build for himself a fortune. All this read with interest; and I often wondered whether, in his plans for the future, he ever thought of me, or acted for my sake.

I had been six months in the academy when another letter from Nelly brought the tidings that Alfred had left, and had obtained a good situation as clerk in a large mercantile house; but one passage in the letter gave me acute pain. It read as follows:—"I once thought, Mattie, that you and Alfred loved each other, but am now disposed to believe myself mistaken. There is a pretty black-eyed beauty lately come here, who, I sometimes think, resembles you. Rumor says that a partiality has sprung up between he self and Alfred, and that since he went away she often received letters from him.

I hastily folded the letter, and as soon as my labors for the day were over, sought my room. I reviewed all that had passed between Alfred and myself, dwelt upon every word and look of his, but could recall no act in which he had in any way committed himself. Then again I saw the eager gaze of the dark eyes, and concluded that the peculiar expression originated from my own yearning heart—that I had looked through a false coloring. If he loved me why had he not told me so? or, at least, why had he not asked me to write to him? Calmly and cooly I renounced the bright hopes which for four years I had almost unconsciously cherished; awoke from a blissful dream, I with new zeal threw all my energies into my occupation.

Another year passed. If, at the bottom of the current, the dark waters dashed madly over their uneven bed, their great depth kept the surface unruffled. About this time I received an unexpected proposal of marriage from my patron, the principal of the academy. I had always stood in some awe of Mr. Russell, for he was fifteen years my senior. When he came and sat by my side in my little parlor, took my trembling hand kindly in his own, and respectfully, but earnestly, told me his love, my fears vanished I raised my eyes to his, and if it was not sincere affectation read from them, it was so near akin to it as to deceive us both. He drew me near to him, and made me rest my head against his bosom. I burst into a flood of tears. Oh! how sweet to find a resting place for my weary head, a noble bosom where I might weep till my swelling heart had eased itself of its burthen. When I became calm, he quietly lifted my head and pressed his lips to mine. "Mattie' said he, (he had always called me Miss Kendrick,) 'this is the happiest moment of my life.'

We were married and five years of quiet happiness passed quickly away.—I received occasional letters from Nellie, who congratulated me in glowing terms upon my good fortune, as she termed it, adding that she feared I should forget my humble friends.

But the darkest trial of my life was yet in store for me. My husband was attacked with a malignant fever, and in one short month I was a widow.

It is said that the most violent grief exhausts itself soonest. In a few weeks I found myself moving calmly through my new duties and responsibilities. I arranged my affairs and returned to my parents. My first care was to place my family in easier circumstances. I paid off the mortgage on my father's farm; purchased a few adjoining acres; erected new buildings; furnished the enlarged farm with stock; sent my youngest brother to school; secured a place I had years before filled in the academy for my elder sister, whom I had previously educated; established my younger sisters who were old enough to leave home, at a good school for girls; and replenished the wardrobe of the whole family. I then placed the remainder of my money in the hands of a banker for my father's use, if he should require it. My arrangements all completed, I found that I had spent nearly one-third of my fortune. But I did not regret it. I was more than repaid by the satisfaction I experienced in lightening the burden of my dear parents.

Thus occupied, two years passed.—About this time I received two letters, one from Nellie, and one from a sister of my late husband, who resided in a distant city, both containing pressing requests to visit them. I determined to accept both invitations, and my first visit was to Nellie, where I proposed to pass a month or two. In three weeks I was with her.

For eight years I had not heard one word of Alfred Fletcher. Nellie had never mentioned him in her letters, and I naturally supposed that he had married. I refrained from mentioning him to her, and strove to restrain the strange fluttering of my heart, as I found myself among old familiar scenes. I could not realize the great change that had come over me since. I labored as an humble factory girl. I could not realize that, instead of a young blithesome girl in her teens, dependent upon her own exertions, I was a wealthy young widow of twenty-eight.

But few familiar faces greeted me.—Changes had come to others as well as to myself. I left Nellie a sprightly laughter-loving girl of twenty. I found her a buxom matron of thirty, but cheerful withal; and the mother of three rosy children.

One day I walked up to see Mrs. Fletcher. I arrived at the spot where, ten years before, I had parted with Alfred. "Oh, beating heart, be still! he is now (thought I) the husband of another; and I, what am I, that I should think of him?' I dare not trust myself to stop, so I walked as fast as I could up the lane. Mrs. Fletcher was overjoyed to see me; her manner was extremly affectionate and respectful. I longed to ask for Alfred, but dared not trust myself.

A miniature case lay upon the table at my side. I took it up and opened it. The blood instantly rushed back to my heart, and I trembled violently. It was a likeness of Alfred; but he was changed, too. The lofty brow had expanded, and the brown curls were pushed proudly back; the once rosy cheeks looked thin and pale; a heavy curling beard covered the lower part of the face; and the large, dark eyes looked mournfully into mine.

'Yes, he is changed, Mrs. Russell; poor fellow!' and the mother bent over me and looked at the picture.

'Has he been unfortunate?' I asked quickly.

She looked earnestly into my face, and replied, 'Mrs. R. my son has no secret from his mother. Years ago he loved; but before he could summon courage to tell of it, she he loved went away and married another.'

I thought in a moment of her of whom Nellie had written.

'Mrs. Williams wrote to me about her,' I said. Noting her puzzled look, I added, 'She came here about a year after I left, did she not?' I meant to be very calm, but was nevertheless conscious of betraying more interest than I cared to manifest.

She looked at me a moment, and took my hand 'Mattie,' said she, 'you have a good kind heart, and will at least pity him. It was Mattie Kendrick he loved, and no one else."

"But who was the other?' I gasped.

"You must mean his cousin, Jenny Bray," said Mrs. Fletcher. "She married Mr. Melvin. She is a good, kind girl, and was almost like a sister to Alfred."

With a mighty effort I suppressed my emotion, and soon changed the subject It was not alluded to again. "Nellie must have known something of this," I mused, as I returned home that night. Then I knew why she had never mentioned Alfred in her letters, after my marriage with Mr. Russell. From my very heart I blessed her. Had I known that Alfred Fletcher loved me it might have darkened my married life. I would not have been unfaithful, even in my heart, to my noble husband; but, thanks to Nellie's delicate tact, I had been saved even from temptation. From that day I loved my friend better than ever before.

In a few weeks I left for the residence of my sister-in-law.

I was warmly received by my sister-in-law, Mrs. Erskine. Every possible pains was taken to make my stay pleasant. For awhile I enjoyed the exciting scenes of the city. But I soon became tired of it, and longed for some sequestered nook where I could sit down and meditate.

On one occasion we drove along by the side of a beautiful cemetry. I was enchanted. I could not bear the pleasant conversation evidently kept up for my entertainment; neither did I like to be confined in a carriage; I longed to stroll at liberty and alone through the shady walks, and give myself up entirely to the enchanting spell which was thrown around me. As we drove homeward I determined to re-visit the place next day alone.

Accordingly, the following morning, at an early hour, I prepared to go out, saying that I should be absent for several hours. Once there, I gave myself up to the influence of the place, strolling for hours through the shady, flower-bordered walks, and wild, winding patches, till at last wearied, I sat down in a retired nook, and was soon lost in meditation. I knew not how long I remained there when I was started by approaching footsteps. I looked up—Alfred Fletcher stood before me.

Thrown completely off my guard, I uttered an exclamation of surprise, then sank back faint and giddy upon my seat. He sprang forward and grasped my hand.

'Mattie—Mrs. Russell,' said he, correcting himself, 'nothing could have give me greater pleasure.'

'I am Mattie still, Alfred,' said I, and looking up, I encountered that earnest, loving gaze, which had sent such a thrill to my heart long years ago. But there was no dark mountain of reserve between us now; bitter experience had taught us both a lesson of common sense. Retaining my hand, he seated himself beside me, passed his arm around my waist, and strained me convulsively to his heart.

'Mattie, dearest, long lost Mattie, may I not love you now?'

He pressed me closer to his bosom.

'These long years of sorrow have not been for nought,' he answered: 'this moment of happiness is worth more than all.' He bowed his head upon my shoulder, and his strong frame shook like a reed.

Long we sat there, talking of the past. Everything was explained to our mutual satisfaction. We were oblivious of the time, till the bell warned all visitors from the grounds. As we walked home we talked of the future,

'Why need we wait, Mattie?' said he. 'I am engaged in a prosperous business and can place you at once in the circle you are so well fitted to adorn.'

'I must first secure the approbation of my friends here,' I replied, 'and then wewill talk about making our arrangements.'

I found Mrs. Erskine exceedingly anxious about me; and almost disposed to give me a sound scolding for causing her so much uneasiness.

After the children were in bed that evening, and we were left for a few moments alone, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Erskine, I told her all. She listened attentively. When I had finished I asked her if I had done right? She wound both arms about my neck, and kissing me said,' You could not have done differently, and acted as the true woman that you are. You must invite Mr. Fletcher here, and we will have it all settled forthwith.'

The next morning Alfred came, and it was decided that three months would be long enough to make all needful preparations.

We took a house near Mrs. Erskine's and on the appointed day we were married. That evening I presented Alfred with the remainder of my fortune. He looked astounded.

'I have never cared to inquire whether you were rich or poor,' said he; 'but as I knew nothing of the contrary, I supposed the latter. But this money shall not remain idle. I will invest it safely, and in your own right.'

Six more years have passed. They have been years of happiness and prosperity.

Fate of the Apostles.

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with the sword at the city of Ethiophia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired

Luke was hanged upon an olive tree, in Greece.

John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death.—He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller.s club.

Philip was hanged up against a pillar, at Hieropolis, a city of Phyrgia.

Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coremandel in the East Indies.

Judas was shot to death with arrows.

Simeon was crucified in Persia.

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

WANTED.—The following is an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper: "A middle-aged gentleman, of strict y moral habits, with about $1,400 as the result of his industry, desires the acquaintance of a Christian lady, in similarcircumstances, with a view to travelling the balance of the journey in double harness."

Dick Daily's Stump Speech.

FELLER CITIZENS—This are a day for the poperlation of Boonville, like a bob-tail pullet on a rickety hen roost, to be lookin' up. A crisis have arriven, and somethin's bust! What are we? Here I is, and I'd stand hur and expirate from now till the day of the synagogues, if you'd whoop for Dick Daily.

Feller Citizens.—Jerusalem's to pay and we han't got no pitch hot. Our hyperbolical and majestic canal of creation has unshipped her rudder, and the Captain's broke his neck, and cook has div to the vasty deep in sarch of dimuns! Our wigwam's tore to pieces like a shirt on a brush fence, and cities of these ere latitudes is vanishin' in a blue flame.—Are such things to be did? I ask you in the name of the American Eagle, who whipped shaggy-headed lion, and now sets a roostin' on the magnetic telegraph, if sich doin's is goin' to be conglomerated? I repeat to you, in the name of the peacock of Liberty, that's flewin' over the clowd capped summits of the Rocky Mountains, ef we's goin' to be extemporaneously begogged in this fashion?

"Oh answer me,
Let me not blush in ignorance."

as Shakapeel says. Shall we be bamboozled with such unmitigate audaciousness? Methinks I hear you yelp.

"No sir, hoss fly!" Then 'leet me to Congress, and there'll be a revolution certain.

Feller Citizens.—If I was standing on the adamantine throne of Jupiter, and the lightnin' was flashin' around me, I'd continue to spout; I'm full of the bilin' lather of Mount Etny, and I won't be squenched! *I've* sprung a leak, and must howl like a bear with a sore head. Flop together! jump into rank and bear me through.

Feller Citizens—You know me, and rip me out with a grab if *I* won't stick to you lik brick dust to a bar of soap.—Whar is my opponent? No whar! *I* was brought up among ye, feller citizens, and papped in a school house, but he can't get around me with his hifalutin, big words—Hiteum strictum, catnip, abranto, Brazeel, Fuglooney and Baffins Bay! What do you think o' that?

"Go it porkey—root hog or die,"

as Shakapeel said when Cæsar stabbed him in the House of Representatives.

Feller Citizens—'Leet me to Congress, and *I'll* abolish mad dogs, muskeeters and bad cents, and go in for the annihilation of niggers, camp meetin's and jails. *I'll* repudiate crows and fustifiben hawx—*I'll* have barn raisin's every day, and licker enough to swim in. Yes, feller citizens, 'elect me to congress, and *I'll* be led to exclaim, in the terrific language of Bonyparte when preaching in the wide wilderness:

"Richard's himself again!"

Oh, then! onward to the polls!—"gallop apace, ye fiery footed steed," and make the walking tremble with antispasmadic yells for Daily.

"Hence, ye Brutus! broad axe glory!' Let's licker!

Sadly Unfortunate.

Neal in his "Charcoal Sketches" describes a character who speaks of himself something as follows: To my notion, this 'ere is a hard case. If I tries to mosey along through the world without sayin' nothin' to no-body, it won't do; livin' won't come of itself, like the man you owe the money to—you are obligated to s'ep and fetch it. If I come fur to paddle my tub quietly down the gutter of life without bumpin again the curb-stones one the one side, I'm sure to get around on the other, or to be upsot somehow. If I tries little speckilations, such as boning things, I'm sartin to becotched; and if I goes pardoners, as I did with Tipps, it won't do—he'll speckilate and burst, and I'm sure to be smashed up and sifted through.

The Newburryport Herald tells of a man who made the following reply when asked if he ever went gunning to kill birds:—"Birds, no!" was the indignant reply. "If I had a gun on my shoulder, I never saw a bird or any other game. Besides I never had a gun; and if I had one, I never had the money to buy powder and shot with; and if I had bought the powder and shot, I shouldn't have known how to load; and if I had known how to load, I should have been afraid to fire. Why I never spotted a nut tree, well filled with fruit, but I was sure to find them all gathered when I went after them; and if I ever went a nutting, I could get nothing but pignuts. The other boys could always find sweet acorns, but I never find anything but a lunker of a bitter one, and that was sure to have a worm in it. I never went a clamming but I was sure to get nothing but muscles. I once went after quahogs, taking a big basket, to fill—and carried home the big basket, but only a single bivalve, the shells of which I preserved as a memorable relic. If I went a fishing for cunners, was sure to catch only flounders, nothing but grubses would turn up—and rascally skate I could catch at any time. I went down once to enjoy a fish chowder, and was obliged to content myself with only pork and potatoes. The nearest think to luck I ever experienced was, when a friend cought a big pike."

He Takes the Prize.

At a party one evening, several contested for the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, and a dignified gentleman was appointed the judge of their respective pretensions.

One of the party produced his tailors bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz ran through the room that this could not be undone, when—

A second proved that he arrested his tailor for money lent him.

The palm is his was the general cry, when a third put in his claim.

Gentlemen said he, I cannot boast of the feats of either of my two predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they had left at my house. This indeed bears the prize, shouted one and all, when, with surprising boldness, a fourth entered the list.

My claim, gentlemen, said he, is humble, yet, I think, merits a moment's consideration. Here is a receipt from the publisher of the *Democrat*, in payment for his capitol paper, two years in advance."

I'll hear no more, cried the astonished arbitrator, this is the ne plus ultra of honesty and unheard of deeds, it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any person cabable. The prize is yours sir.

REVIVAL ANECDOTE.—The Clarksburg (Va.) Register furnishes the following of a specimen of strong language from the pulpit. The Rev. Samuel Clawson, a minister of the M. E. Church, and who has a very vivid imagination, in speaking of one present during one of his discourses, who was a Universalist, gave expression to the following bit of eloquence:—

"Thank God, the day is not far distant when you will be chained down to hell's brazen floor, and the devil with his harpoon, will pierce your reeking heart, and pile the red-hot cinders of black damnation upon you as high as the pyramids of Egypt, *and fry out the pride of your heart to grease the gudgeons of hell!*"

☞ An exchange contains an advertisement by an express company of uncalleafor goods; by an accident the letter *l* had dropped from the word "lawful," and it now reads: "Person to whom these packages are directed, are requested to come forward and pay the *awful* charges on the same."

COURTSHIP EXTRA.—Jim Brown thought he was about old enough to get married—and says he to the old man—"*I* am going to set up for myself, and *I'll* be hanged if *I* don't marry Sally Clover."

"All right," said the old man—and off Jim went in his best rig to see Sally.

"Now," said Jimmy to Sally, "*I* do hope you will not make a fool of me, for *I* am in earnest."

"La me," said Sally, very good naturedly, "nature has deprived me of that privilege, for you was never any thing else."

About that time Jimmy asked Sally where he could find his hat.

☞ A Patlander, direct from the sod, had got into a muss, and was knocked down.

"An' sure you won't be afther batin' a man whin he's down?" said Pat.

"Certainly not," said his antagonist.

"Faix then," quoth Pat, "an sure *I'll* jist lay here."

MORE ABOUT THE GARTER.—A lady in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, discusses the garter question, and insists that they should be placed below the knee. The lady says:

You will take notice that just above the knee there is no hollow or depression in which a garter could be retained, no projection on which it could make a hold."

Will we take notice. Couldn't think of it. We don't know anything about garters. Don't wan't to know. May be worn about the waist for all we know "Take notice!" indeed.—[Buffalo Republic.

☞ An old lady reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer who was said to be the father of the New York bar, exclaimed—"Poor man! he had a dreadful set of children!"

☞ The mayor of an English city put fourth an advertisement previous to the races, "that no *gentleman* will be allowed to ride on the course *except the horses* that are to run."

☞ "I think you have got a stye in your eye," said a green youth to a girl he was trying to court. "No," said she, looking straight at him, "I have a great hog in it, but no sty for him."

☞ A sprightly book has just been published, entitled "Lectures on Married Men." The author was probably mistaken in supposing that there was any lack of such lectures. They are said to be very abundant. But curtains are generally drawn over them.

☞ "Who was the first man recorded in history who didn't pay?" said Matthews, as he was handing a theatrical order to a friend. "Why, really, I never gave it a thought," replied the friend. "Why, Joseph, of course," said Matthews. "Did not his brothers put him in the pit for nothing?"

☞ The false impression that went abroad, returned in the last steamer.